THE WASHINGTON HERALD

PUBLICATION OFFICE:
784 FIFTEENTH STREET NORTHWEST.

Entered at the post-office at Washington, D. C., as second-class mail matter.

Published Every Morning in the Year by
THE WASHINGTON HERALD COMPANY,

Under the Direction of
SCOTT C. BONE, - - - - - - - - - - Editor
HENRY L. WEST, - - - - - Business Manager

Telephone Main 3300. (Private Branch Exchange.)

Subscription Rates by Carrier or Mail.

Daily and Sunday.....50 cents per month
Daily and Sunday.....$6.00 per year
Daily, without Sunday.....40 cents per month
Daily, without Sunday.....$4.80 per year
Sunday, without daily.....$2.00 per year

No attention will be paid to anonymous contributions, and no communications to the editor will be printed except over the name of the writer.

Manuscripts offered for publication will be returned if unavailable, but stamps should be sent with the manuscript for that purpose.

All communications intended for this newspaper, whether for the daily or the Sunday issue, should be addressed to THE WASHINGTON HERALD.

New York Representative, J. C. WILBERDING SPECIAL AGENCY, Brunswick Building.
Chicago Representative, BARNARD & BRANHAM, Boyce Building.

SUNDAY, APRIL 3, 1910.

End of the Bucket Shop.

At least one move made by the administration will meet with general approval. The crusade begun yesterday against the bucket shop evil was well planned and well executed, and all is woe in the camp of these concerns. The raids were made simultaneously in every large city in the country, after indictments had been secretly returned by the Federal grand jury in this city.

The indictments charge conspiracy, and it is believed the movement for the suppression of this evil will have a highly successful outcome. Reputable stock brokers indorse the action taken, and there is no doubt that the victims of the bucket shop will also be glad when they come to a realizing sense of the conditions and how the odds are against them.

There should be fewer embezzlements, fewer shortages on the part of trusted employes, and fewer crimes involving financial transactions as a result of this crusade.

Evidence has been gathered from many sources, the work at first being conducted by the Post-office Department, assisted later by the Department of Justice. Much sleuthing on the part of Secret Service men was necessary to corral the needed data. In some cases wire-tapping was resorted to. No matter how gained, the evidence is now in the possession of the government, and it will be used to the best advantage. Employes of the concerns involved were served with subpoenas and were required to tell what they knew of the modus operandi.

Louis A. Cella, of St. Louis, one of the indicted men, is a millionaire, a hotel and theater owner. He is also the owner of several race tracks. In Philadelphia, Baltimore, and New York, arrests of men prominent in business life were made, several of them being in the millionaire class. In New York City, the raids on the bucket shops caused excitement in the financial districts. In Philadelphia, the raids were made on the floor of the Consolidated Stock Exchange, and created some commotion. Similar exciting scenes were witnessed in other cities.

The administration is to be congratulated on the thoroughness with which it attained the object sought. The blow to the bucket shop system is a fatal one, and if the pursuit of the stragglers is as determined as was the inception of the plan and the preliminary campaign, it can but prove a complete and lasting success. The Department of Justice is engaged in other campaigns, and this criterion speaks well for the success of its operations.

"We learn things mighty slowly in this country," says the Birmingham Ledger. To be sure we do. Hence political platforms that do not mean anything whatever.

When Is an Alien Not an Alien?

An alien seeking naturalization in the United States should be careful where he goes fishing. Moreover, it may not be safe for him to go out in a rowboat in the Niagara River.

In the United States District Court in New York the other day this interesting question was asked: "If an alien goes on a fishing trip, sails beyond the three-mile limit and then comes back, does that constitute re-entrance into this country?

Judge Hand had this perplexing problem before him when the case of Joseph Uberall, an Austrian lawyer, who is fighting deportation, came up before him. Uberall landed in this country on October 20, 1906. Recently he got into trouble with the Austro-Hungarian consul and that official made charges before the board of inquiry of the Immigration Department, who found that Uberall had been in this country more than three years, the limit of time for deportation. Nevertheless, the board looked up Uberall's record. It found that on October 20, 1909, he had gone to Niagara Falls and had crossed over into Canada. This trip was well within the three-year limit, and to the board it constituted a re-entry. Therefore, it recommended Uberall's deportation. Immigration Commissioner Williams approved, and the Washington officials also stamped O. K. on the findings. Then Uberall hired counsel, got a writ of habeas corpus, gave bail, and took the case to the United States Court.

When Uberall's case came before Judge Hand, the Austrian denied the charges and his counsel fought the decision of re-entry. It was then Judge Hand asked the question about fishing and the three-mile limit. Counsel for the government hesitated a minute and then decided it best to look upon the judge's inquiry as facetious.

Here came the perplexing problem. The law requires that an alien shall be deported to the country whence he came. This would mean that Uberall would have to go to Canada. But Canada might object, as he is not a native. This would leave Uberall somewhere in the middle of the Niagara River, unable to land on the Canadian shore and unable to return. Fortunately for Uberall, the court decision has not been announced, and it is believed that some solution more pleasing than that of abandonment will be found.

Throw Open Rock Creek Park!

Nature appeals to all these warm spring days. The season of out-door life is here. Optimism and good cheer are promoted by the budding trees, the blooming flowers, and the green, inviting sward. Mother Earth beckons to us all.

Washington is a singularly favored city in the beauty of its environment. God's country is at its very door. Immediately adjacent to the Capital on the north, acres of wooded land, made picturesque by hills, ravines, and running stream, have wisely been preserved in their original state and form.

In Rock Creek Park Washington has a reservation of surpassing natural charm. Millions have been spent upon it without destroying its primitive grandeur. Its winding paths and roadways are marvels of engineering construction. It is a veritable joy forever—a park unparalleled anywhere.

Yet this magnificent reservation, at the city's gates, is virtually unknown as a whole to the city which it environs. Owners of automobiles and other kinds of conveyances know it and revel in it. It is theirs to enjoy, and theirs exclusively. The less fortunate masses know nothing of it as a whole. It is to them a hidden thing. They are cut off from it. They know only a few of its beauty spots. The park itself, this magnificent tract preserved for the city's healthful enjoyment, is inaccessible to the community at large.

Now, this should be remedied. All are agreed upon the proposition. We do not know what progress the authorities are making toward remedying it. But we do know that nothing will contribute more to the city's happiness—its wholesome enjoyment—than the popularization of Rock Creek Park.

Let it be made accessible. Give the people facilities to reach it. Extend the street railway lines. Have them skirt its boundaries. Do not permit its beauties to be longer hidden.

Open the park to popular pastimes—tennis, baseball, croquet, and all out-door diversions. Do not keep visitors off the grass. And let us have Sunday afternoon concerts to attract the people. Let us make of Rock Creek Park what any other city would make of it—a people's park, not a reservation for the favored few. Then the summer in Washington will be happy, wholesome, and healthful for everybody.

Abolishing the Board of Education.

In recommending a new system of school administration in the District, the Commissioners do not attack the board of education, but simply urge upon Congress the wisdom of concentrated authority and responsibility. At present there is division of authority and responsibility. The arrangement is illogical. When the school system was divorced from the District government, by vesting the appointing power in the court, it was manifestly a mistake. The wonder is that the incongruous plan has not produced more friction. The fact that there has been so little is a tribute to those who make up the board and who have given their time and labor so freely for the public good.

It is regrettable, therefore, to read expression from members of the board indicating that they feel that they are under attack. It is the faulty system of school administration that is attacked, not the board of education as a body; and the Commissioners' report to Congress, as we view it, presents an unanswerable argument in favor of a change.

Everybody appreciates to the utmost, we are sure, the board's earnest efforts to provide adequate building accommodations. There is no criticism, but cordial approval, of what it has done and sought to do for the school children and school-teachers of Washington. Its aims have been laudable, if not always feasible. But good efforts and high ambitions have not strengthened the system; they have only served to demonstrate its weakness.

We are pleased to note that members of the board of charities concur in the recommendation for the abolition of that body. There is no sensitiveness on their part, but acquiescence in favor of a sound proposition. We regret that the Commissioners' report is not accepted in the same spirit by the board of education.

A Georgia legislator is charged with the offense of making "moonshine." His neighbors, no doubt, are inclined to view his predicament more in sorrow than in anger.

So many Smiths on the new House Committee on Rules may or may not fool the common people, of course.

An Ohio church congregation is praying for the conversion of a local political boss. If prayers fail, the congregation might try the grand jury.

"Why do people patronize high-price restaurants?" inquires the Savannah News. Really, this problem is quite on a par with Why does a hen cross the road?

"Mr. Roosevelt does not know what he is talking about," says the London Mail. He does not? Well, just wait until he reads the Mail's suggestion with respect to that.

"Not one of Solomon's wives had an Easter hat—Easter had not been invented in Solomon's day," says the Memphis News-Scimitar. Still, no doubt, they blossomed out in something equally as radiant.

"The Lord looks after drunken men, children, and the United States," says Mr. Taft. We infer that Mr. Taft considers that the Lord has His hands full at present, moreover.

Mr. Foss has become quite famous of late. In fact, Foss may be said to be the bright and particular straw that shows which way the political wind is blowing.

The late Senatorial contest in Mississippi produced something of a political scandal. But it did not produce a Senator Vardaman, at least.

Mr. Alfred Austin, if he is wise, will forego the temptation to write a poem about Mr. Roosevelt. There is considerable doubt, however, that Mr. Austin is wise, because he is said to be preparing an effusion.

The Maine is about to be raised again. The Maine has been raised almost as often as Secretary Wilson has resigned.

If Dr. Cook is broke, he might hire himself out as a summer resort attraction. The sea serpent would not be in it with the doctor.

"'Conservation of resources' sounds much more grandiloquent than good husbandry, but it is nothing more," says the Deseret News. Better still, it is nothing less.

Suppose Collector Loeb should attempt to hold up Bwana Tumbo for an ad valorem tax on the theory that he is a work of art?

As a matter of fact, $50 probably was a pretty high price to pay for some of those Pittsburg aldermen.

"There are no red-headed widows in Augusta," says the Chronicle of that enterprising Georgia metropolis. This will be considered a fairly good "ad," perhaps, everywhere save in the Houston Post's imagination.

Anyway, it was the first real, bang-up political speech Egypt had heard in a thousand years or so.

Sing hey, the jolly mothball and the tar!

Whatever happens, "Uncle Joe" will still be the livest "dead one" in the country.

Atlanta is to have grand opera soon, and proposes to behave exactly as if she were used to it.

CHAT OF THE FORUM.

Genuine Insurgents.
From the Milwaukee Sentinel.

For real insurging you want to watch those D. A. R.

New Experience for the Colonel.
From the Charleston News and Courier.

What a novel experience it must be for Col. Roosevelt to be at sea.

Won't Happen Until November.
From the Nashville Banner.

It is a little early to begin to bet upon the dissolution or the defeat of the Republican party.

The Only Solution.
From the Birmingham News.

The commission form of government seems to be about the only solution of the municipal graft problem.

The Poultice of Peace.
From the Chicago News.

Peace has settled down over the national house of representatives like a mustard poultice on an aching tummy.

Mr. Vardaman's Silence.
From the Ohio State Journal.

One of the pleasanter features of the Mississippi bribery investigation is that ex-Gov. Vardaman positively refuses to talk.

Fair Warning!
From the Augusta Herald.

Justice Brewer, you remember, declared himself in favor of woman suffrage—and now he is dead. This should be a warning to men who lean toward suffragetteism.

Congratulations.
From the Atlanta Georgian.

The expected recovery of Senator John W. Daniel will doubtless nip a number of fine Senatorial buds this spring, but the Old Dominion is to be congratulated, nevertheless.

There May be a Sequel.
From the Springfield Republican.

Not all the king's horses and all the king's men can set "Uncle" Joe in full power again. He has begun to pass, and will soon go into full eclipse. It is the closing of a chapter.

Hoosier Pie Hunters.
From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

Republicans of the Tenth Indiana district, by indorsing the Payne-Aldrich law, Taft, Beveridge, Cannon, and reform, show that in the matter of straddling the Colossus of Rhodes is a knock-kneed infant compared with Hoosier pie hunters.

Real American Family.
From the Baltimore American.

As long as America is productive of the type of husband that Mr. Roosevelt represents and the kind of wife that he cherishes it will not have grave alarm over the conduct of the portion of the married community that creates unsavory sensations. The hearts of Americans are true and the homes of Americans are havens. Mr. Roosevelt is only one of the most conspicuous instances of American manhood that has sustained beyond reproach the relation that should be highest and happiest. Therefore his fellow-citizens who appreciate his sentiments will rejoice with him in the Roosevelt family reunion at Khartoum.

Immaterial.
From the Chicago Record-Herald.

"Great heavens!" cried the drug clerk.

"What's wrong?" asked the druggist.

"I gave that boy hair tonic instead of cough syrup."

"Never mind. We make a profit of 90 per cent on each."

The New Cook.
From the Boston Transcript.

Wife—This pudding is a sample of the new cook's work. What do you think of it?

Hub—I'd call it mediocre.

Wifey—No, dear; it's tapioca.

WITH PRUDENCE IN THE PARK.

I pipes a redbreast in de park while strolling wit me steady,
And, wondering what bold it was, says, "Duchess, what's de reddy?"
Well, say, she dopes it right, all right—she's farmer-born, is Prudence—
And puts me next on boids and trees, not wishing wiser students.

I runs an elevator in de building where she's wokking,
And ev'ry day we chats awhile between her hours of clokking;
But Sundays we've a date to stroll, and always she's for going
Out to the park, where she can pipe de grass and posies growing.

And, listen! she knows where to chase to find de foist wild flowers,
And when she cops one, den her eyes are sunshine after showers.
De op'ra singers ain't got notting on her when she's laughing,
And dough she's from de farm, dat skoit is to de good at chaffing.

She kids me for me ignorance about de trees and posies;
She says 'twill take her years to teach me crocuses ain't roses,
All right, p'chee, I hope it does! But dis I know already;
No rose or robin in de park's as pretty as me steady.

Edward W. Townsend, in the New York World.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

EXPENSIVE SIMPLICITY.

Back to nature
Let us go,
Build a handsome
Bungalow.

If the way be
Rather far,
We can keep a
Touring car.

Sheltered from the
City strife,
Let us lead the
Simple life.

One can do it,
Never fear,
On ten thousand
Plunks a year.

The Backbone.

"Who are the plain people?"

"The colonels of a community, I suppose."

The Knowledge Factory.

"I don't see how one boy can do all these lessons."

"He can't. Each member of the family completes a part and the kid assembles 'em."

Passing It Up.

"Won't you stop to enjoy the sunset?"

"It doesn't interest me."

"Why not, Lucile?"

"It doesn't harmonize with my gown."

Springtime.

When all the world is green
And all the folks are gay,
Then life is like, I ween,
One long St. Patrick's Day.

Strategy.

"Got a bouncing boy at our flat."

"Will the owners stand for it?"

"I think we have outgeneraled them. We named him after the janitor."

Perfectly Regular.

"The South sea islanders frequently exchange wives."

"I thought they were getting civilized."

"They are. They go through a regular form of divorce."

Feminine Tactics.

"Why are you talking about a trip to Europe? It would cost your husband $1,000 or more."

"Quite so. I expect to compromise on a $60 hat."

WHAT WE WANT.

Will Some One Suggest a Cure for a Certain Household Nuisance?
From the Detroit Free Press.

A reader kindly sends us the following useful hint:

"Olive oil or soapsuds poured around the roots of rubber plants or house ferns stimulate their growth most noticeably."

Thanks! But that isn't what we want to know. Confidentially, what we're after is something that will cause a good, healthy rubber plant to curl up and die a sudden and painless death. We have already tried several means of sending our rubber plant over the long route from whence there is no return, but on each and every occasion when we thought dissolution had set in and made good the spark of vitality took a fresh hold, and lo! like the poor, the rubber plant we have with us always.

This crime must be committed in secret and without fear or detection. What we want is something we can slip to the rubber plant when neither it nor our wife is looking. It must be something that will absolutely discourage a rubber plant with life; it must make a rubber plant lose interest in its surroundings, and must do its work so thoroughly that even she can't detect the slightest sign of possibility of a new leaf sprouting. We could take an ax to it, we suppose, but that is a coarse and brutal method, and one that it apt to leave enough evidence behind it to direct attention to us.

Then, again, when you have had a rubber plant in the house for eight or nine years, given it a bath every Saturday afternoon, dosed it with castor oil when it was colicky, sat up with it nights, carried it in your own arms up and down cellar, to the front porch and in again, I say when you have heard your wife brag about its good points and abuse you for being cold and unsympathetic toward it, you don't feel like hitting it in the main stem with an ax; or, rather, you do feel like doing that very thing, but hesitate to take the consequences.

The matter of disposing of a rubber plant is one not lightly to be considered. It requires finesse, tact, and boundless patience. The deed must be done to make death look like the result of general debility or rubber plant suicide. We want to do this thing quietly and unostentatiously, and, above all, wish to avoid the appearance of guilt or anything that might lead to an investigation or a post-mortem examination.

Soapsuds and olive oil for rubber plants? No! O wise apothecary, could we give it carbolic acid by mistake?

Dog Came to the Rescue.
From an Exchange.

An incident showing the sagacity and intellect of a dog occurred in Andover, Mass., the other day, on the estate of G. W. Cann on Central street. His two-year-old granddaughter was playing on the gravelled drive when the coachman swung his horses around a curve and began to drive towards the barn, the child directly in the way. Before there was any possibility of an accident, Lance, Mr. Cann's setter, without receiving instructions from any one, sprang into the drive and, seizing the child by the coat sleeve, dragged her out of harm's way, and held her there until the horses had passed the spot.

Moral: Read the Newspapers.
From the Philadelphia Record.

Harvey Hidley, fifty-one, a painter of Reading, Pa., read in a newspaper several days ago that his aunt, Mrs. Mary Uline, had died in Troy, N. Y., and left him an estate exceeding $100,000. Hidley, who has been employed in that city for a year, wrote to a law firm in Troy and found that the newspaper article was correct.

A Polite Sign.
From the Boston Transcript.

Hobbs—I guess the elevator is out of order. What is that sign on the door?

Dobbs—The elevator man must be a bit of a wag. It says: "Please pardon me for not rising."

A Sure Sign.
From the Dallas News.

When a girl is willing to clope with her lover it is a sign that she doesn't expect to get any wedding presents any way.

Hopeless.
From the Chicago Record Herald.

There is no hope for the woman who cannot manage to be on time at a bargain sale.

PEOPLE AND THINGS.

Cape to Cairo by Rail.

Although the railroad from the Cape to Cairo projected by the late Cecil Rhodes is not yet completed, it may be said that its completion is almost in sight. The finished portion of it extends for more than 2,200 miles from Cape Town. This, in connection with lines now in course of construction, will within two or three years constitute a through road for trains from Cape Town to Alexandria. This railroad through the heart of the Dark Continent, the "iridescent dream" of Cecil Rhodes, has become, or is about to become, a solid reality, and there are plenty of practical, hard-headed people who are firmly of opinion that it will not be many years hence when one can take a train anywhere in North America and be conveyed to stations in the remotest points of the African continent. Stranger things than this have come to pass, most assuredly.

A Maple Sugar Story.

It was little thought when D. S. Yeoman, of New York, ordered a bungalow built of green, hard maple logs near Monticello, N. Y., that anything unusual would transpire in connection therewith. Only a few days ago the bungalow was completed and placed in running order for summer occupancy. Of course, there is nothing outre in this fact, but the fact that the very first day that the sun beamed warmly on the habitation the sap in the maple logs started running to such an extent that before means could be devised to prevent it the building had been partially flooded and considerable damage done to its contents is noteworthy. As soon as possible after perceiving the state of the case the caretaker of the property, Charles Smith, arranged troughs throughout the house leading to a kettle on the kitchen range, where the maple sap is daily being condensed into the purest sort of maple syrup as fast as it makes its appearance on the scene.

The Oldest Newspaper.

Of the many thousands of newspapers in the world to-day, the Pekin Gazette is probably the most ancient. The Pekin Gazette is the lineal descendant of a daily news bulletin which made its bow to the public in the year 1340. In the more than five centuries of its life this newspaper has passed through many changes and appeared in various forms, but the paper that the Chinese read to-day is literally the same that was founded in the fourteenth century. It was not until European countries had begun newspapers on their own account that it was discovered that in Pekin the Chinese had superseded them in the newspaper business by many years.

A Grasshopper Vane.

On the cupola of Faneuil Hall, Boston, is a grasshopper weather vane, one of the oldest vanes in the country, and a product of one of our earliest wood carvers and artisans, Shem Drowne. This grasshopper of copper, hammered out by hand, has large glassy eyes which in the sunlight shine like fire. It was made in 1742 at the order of Peter Faneuil when the hall, his gift to the town, was nearing completion, and has been a landmark for the past 167 years. It has not, however, lived a life of unbroken peace, for several times it has been threatened with destruction. In 1755, when Boston was shaken by an earthquake, the vane fell to the ground. Five years later Faneuil Hall was seriously damaged by fire, but the vane remained intact. Another disaster befell it in 1898, when in hoisting a flag to celebrate the anniversary of the evacuation of the city by the British the hopper was displaced and fell to the street. After a few days he hopped right back again, however, and there remains to-day.

Shod Many Presidents.

Joseph Cooper, of Marysville, Ohio, who only a few days ago celebrated his ninety-fourth birthday anniversary, has a remarkable history. He is a shoemaker by trade, and has followed this occupation for more than seventy-five years. He enjoys the distinction of having made boots and shoes for Presidents Jackson, Van Buren, and Tyler, also for Gen. Winfield Scott, Gen. Stonewall Jackson, Gov. John Lichter, Gen. Edward Lee, and Gen. Sam Houston. Mr. Cooper was born near Lexington, Va., on March 6, 1816. He is at present in good health and bids fair to round out the century mark. His memory continues good and he finds much pleasure in reading newspapers and smoking a pipe.

A Good Reason.
From the Tatler.

Editor—But, my good fellow, why do you bring this poem to me?

Impecunious One—Well, sir, because I hadn't a stamp, sir.

WHEN THE TWAIN MEET.

Wex Jones, in New York American.

Wilhelm—Wie gehts?

T. R.—Deelighted! The best way to make beer is from hops. Giraffes are tall animals with spots on them. They are useful for testing new bullets upon. Naturalists are all wrong in their statements about this and all other African faunal specimens. For instance, of the seventeen giraffes which I collected there was not found a blade of grass. The animals lived upon pebbles which they found in the treetops and digested by means of a gizzard like a chicken's.

W.—Beethoven is a great musician. Alaska is bounded by high mountain ranges. Bacon wrote all of Shakespeare's plays. Some of them are good and others are not so good. In shooting bears it is advisable to avoid getting too close until the animal has insensible been made.

T. R.—Race suicide is a terrible crime. Without any population, a country would sink into the condition of a third-class power and could not insure world peace by licking any nation that ventured to disagree with it. The dik-dik is not a bird. Mollycoddles threaten the existence of any nation which permits them to live within its borders. Mollycoddles should be dipped in ice water every cold day to harden them into useful citizens.

W.—Jeffries will in the ring defeat Johnson. Pinchot is a good tennis player. The pyramids are smaller on top than on the bottom. The Egyptians should not be led by clerks.

T. R.—Clams live in the sand. They are silent and morose. A nation whose leaders are silent will never amount to a picayune in the world. The strong man, armed like a phonograph, is the ideal leader. Cold storage eggs are not so good as fresh. The bongo cannot whistle.

W.—The ancient Aztecs were a great people. They hit each other on the head with hatchets made of stone. They had no trusts in those days, owing to their interstate commerce law, which was enforced against malefactors of great wealth.

T. R.—By putting salt in the water, boiled potatoes may be given a better flavor. Pilsner should not be drunk out of a cup. Munchausen was a liar. So was Gulliver. Elephants will die if you shoot them.

W.—Brazil is full of nuts. Hamburg has no hams.

T. R.—There is no Rhine wine in the Rhine. The farmer is the backbone of the country. Engine drivers should always be shaken by the hand at the conclusion of a trip. Ducks have web feet and are fond of paddling around in the water. Schiller was a great poet, and Germans should read his works. However, he could box very little.

W.—Dogs bark. It takes the dachshund ten minutes from the time he starts a bark to the time you hear the sound.

T. R.—There are some short and ugly words in German. Berlin shold be rebuilt. I will show you how to run the army.

W.—Eggshells are weak. Algebra is a useful study.

T. R.—Cook did not find the pole. Halley's comet should be locked up.

W.—By, bye.

T. R.—Bully.

Plea for Relic Hunters.
From the Chicago Record Herald.

Relic hunters have been breaking into the church where President Taft worships in Washington. During the past year it has been twice necessary to rebuild the President's pew, and it is no longer safe to leave the hymn books in the rack or the cushion on the seat after the chief executive has attended services. So many books and cushions have been carried away that officials of the church now take everything that is movable from the pew as soon as the President finishes his devotions. Cannot something be done to lessen the hardships that is thus put upon the relic hunters? Why not furnish a plank for the President to sit on when he goes to church, and then leave it for the relic hunters to whittle up and divide among themselves? By having it made of some kind of soft wood the comfort of the President and the convenience of the relic hunters would both be provided for. We are a great people and ought to be able somehow to keep our relic hunters from feeling that they are being deprived of their rights.

Hint to Authors.
From the Chicago Tribune.

"Do you have to go through all these novels?" asked the caller.

"I do," sighed the literary editor.

"Doesn't it overwork your mind?"

"My mind? Great Scott, no! It overworks my conscience."

"How?"

"To praise so many of them."

TO-DAY IN HISTORY.

Our First Great Story Teller—April 3.

To-day is the birthday of America's first great story teller—practically the father of American literature, Washington Irving. Irving was not only a great novelist, but has enriched literature in many other ways, and was held in very high regard as a diplomat.

Next to his abhorrence for school and love for story books, the chief characteristic of Irving's youth was running away from home at every opportunity to attend the only theater New York could boast of in his day. Irving was born in that city on April 3, 1783.

Changes in the circumstances of the Irving family deprived the youth, who was destined to become so famous in literature, of a university education. But he studied law assiduously and wrote fiction for the newspapers. In 1804 his health required a change of scene and an elder brother furnished him with money to go to Europe. The fruits of this visit were made apparent long afterward in the "Sketch Book," which made him beloved in the hearts of English as well as American readers.

A romance entered into the life of Irving while yet a young man, which he never forgot. He formed an attachment for Matilda Hoffman, daughter of Judge Hoffman, with whom he had studied law. The death of this young woman affected Irving's entire life. In fact, his heart was buried in her tomb in Trinity Churchyard, New York. He never loved again.

Devoting his time to literature, he published his "History of New York," by "Diedrich Knickerbocker," in 1809. It had an immediate and remarkable success. It is said that it realized him $3,000, which, at that time, was considered a very large sum to obtain from a literary venture.

In a few years Irving went to Europe again, where his literary reputation had preceded him, and where he was cordially received by the members of the literary centers. In the course of time the "Sketch Book," "Bracebridge Hall," and "The Tales of a Traveler" came on the market. Irving lived in Paris and in Madrid, where Alexander H. Everett, United States Minister, made him attache of legation. It was then that he began to collect material for his great "Life of Columbus," which was published in 1828, and netted him $18,000.

In 1831 Irving returned to New York, after an absence of seventeen years, bringing with him the honorary degree of LL. D. from the University of Oxford. He purchased, near Tarrytown, the property that has ever since been known as Sunnyside. He became interested with John Jacob Astor in his fur-trading enterprises. In 1842 he was appointed Minister to Spain by President Tyler. After four years' residence at Madrid he returned to Sunnyside. He was past the allotted three-score years and ten when he began his "Life of Washington," and it dragged from the beginning. Critics say it does not do credit to his power and judgment as a historian or skill and elegance as a writer. He died at Sunnyside, November 28, 1859.

Other notable birthdays to-day are Charles Wilkes, the American admiral (1798); Henry Martyn Field, clergyman and author (1822); Edward Everett Hale, the noted author (1822); Harriet Prescott Spofford, poetess (1835); King Richard II, of England (1366), and Rev. George Herbert (1593). On April 3 Bishop Reginald Heber, English prelate and hymn writer, died in 1826.

AT THE HOTELS.

"Just about this time Alaska is having a great Derby at Nome," said Harry S. Williams, of that city, at the National yesterday.

"One of the most picturesque races in the world is 'The All Alaska Sweepstakes,' which takes place the first day of April every year and is now an established institution, being run under the management of the Nome Kennel Club. The course is 412 miles in length, and dogs, not horses, are used to cover the distance. Indeed, the dog is the only creature that could negotiate such a course, for it is nothing but a dreary waste of snow and ice. The race starts at Nome, on the Seward Peninsula, in far Northern Alaska. From here the track runs to Candle, another mining settlement, and from there back to the Bering Sea and thence to Nome.

"How this Derby came into existence is an interesting story," continued Mr. Williams, who is interested in mining in the Far North. "No sooner had man penetrated into this inhospitable region than he recognized the value of dogs for rapid transit from one place to another. Dawson City was not five years old before there were no fewer than 9,000 dogs regularly employed by carriers, miners, and others in and around this single city. Both the United States and Canadian governments took dogs into their service for carrying the mails, and to this day they are still employed at this work.

"From Dawson City a weekly service is maintained throughout the winter with the various towns on the Yukon River and also with Nome, over 1,400 miles away, across frozen, barren, and desolate country. It is the longest, coldest, and most desolate and dangerous post route in the world. With so many dogs in the country it was not long before the miners introduced the sport of dog-team racing. Clubs were formed, and the crack teams of these institutions pitted against one another. These early races were never long affairs, usually from one settlement to another and back, a journey occupying perhaps five or six hours. Then came longer distances, in which the races took the greater part of a day. During the long winter months all the talk in the mining camps was concerning the dogs and what they could accomplish. Thousands of dollars were wagered on this or that team. It was the one sport in which the miner could indulge in this cold and desolate land.

"Finally," added Mr. Williams, "the leading spirits of the Nome Kennel Club decided to organize a long-distance race to show the world what the dogs could actually accomplish. At first it was suggested that they should race all the way to Dawson City, that being the longest trail in this remarkable country. Many objections, however, were raised to this proposition, and at last the Nome-Candle-Nome trail was decided upon."

Speaking of the fashion that has taken possession of some of our American fair damsels to don trouserettes or knickerbockers, Valentine S. Biornot, of New York, who has just made a trip to his native land, Switzerland, and is here on business, said that in Switzerland there are many mountain regions where the women work so hard they are obliged to discard petticoats altogether and wear trousers. "Such a topsy-turvy region is the charming little valley of Champery, which one passes near between Geneva and St. Maurice, by way of Bouveret, along the south bank of Lake Geneva. First of all, one comes to the remote valley of Illiez, noted for its exquisite pastures, picturesque scenery, and powerfully built women. On every hand one beholds queer-looking masculine women, mainly shepherds, cowherds, and farmers, so that one wonders what the men can be doing. If it be the summer season, the men have betaken themselves to the great climbing and tourist centers of the little republic, and are busy making money, while the whole burden of life appears to fall upon the women folk left at home. They wear a rough jerkin and trousers, carry appalling weights up and down the steep slopes in panniers on their backs, and generally work like beasts of burden for their home and family. The queer thing is that most of these trousered women and girls are by no means so coarse as one might think. Many of them, indeed, are dainty and charming of feature, if not absolutely pretty, and they have masses of beautiful fair hair. On Sundays and saints' days these women allow themselves the luxury of petticoats, yet it is amazing how graceless and awkward they are in this unaccustomed attire. No doubt the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb and the back fitted for the burden."

"Lawn tennis as played to-day is one of the liveliest athletic contests," said Charles S. Broadbent, of Philadelphia, at the Shoreham yesterday. "It requires an imperturbable temper, a quick eye, rapidity of mental and physical action, and good 'wind.'

"One reason for its wide popularity has been that it is a much more inexpensive game than its predecessor, which required a costly court. The modern tennis game is much more rapid and constitutes a much finer exhibition of skill than the game played when lawn tennis first came into favor in England and America. This is due to the development of difficult strokes, resulting from the efforts of players to introduce styles of playing calculated to confuse their opponents on the other side of the net.

"When lawn tennis was a new game," said Mr. Broadbent, "the player who could serve a 'cut' ball had his antagonist at his mercy, because the ball rose from the ground at an unexpected angle.

"Then smashing the cut ball became possible. This put the once invincible server of cuts at a disadvantage. He was hoist with his own petard. The cut ball is still played, but it is not an effective weapon against the swift players of modern times. The second tennis trick of importance was the hard overhand stroke, introduced by W. Renshaw, of England. This style of playing was called 'volleying,' and was done at the net. For a while every one who essayed to play against a volleying player went down in defeat and set out to imitate his tactics.

"It was not supposed at that time that it was possible to volley from the back of the court, and in due time an evolution in returning balls made it possible to so place them that the man who volleyed at the net could not reach them. The volleyer was thus driven back from the net, and it was discovered that the same tactics could be used from the service line."

Better Times Coming.
From Pele Mele.

Enraged Creditor—I've had enough of mounting all these stairs every day to collect this bill.

Debtor—Well, I can tell you a piece of news that will please you. After tomorrow I'm going to live in the basement.